WHERE IS MY LOVER?

Where is my lover ? can any one tell ?
Where is he gone ? where is he gone ?
He flirts with another, I know very well,
And I am all alone.
I own that I frown'd when I sent him away,
And order'd him not to come near me to-day,
But then I'd no notion that he would obey ;
Where is he gone ? where is he gone ?
I'm sure we girls do not mean half we say,
Oh, I am all alone.

Where is my lover ? oh, bring to me,
Where is he gone ? where is he gone,
I was not aware how distressing 'twould be,
Thus to be all alone.
They tell me to Mary gay presents he brings,
They say that he smiles when fair Isabel sings ;
'Tis plain, that his Cupid has two pair of wings :
Where is he gone ? where is he gone ?
Oh, his love and mine, are two different things,
For I am all alone.

Bid him come back to me like a good man,
Where is he gone ? where is he gone ?
I will receive him with smiles, if I can,
Though I am all alone.
Do not permit him to think that I pine,
Tell him that many men call me divine ;
You cannot mistake him, his form is so fine,
Where is he gone ? where is he gone ?
They say that his eyes are the image of mine,
Oh, I am all alone !

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